

JOSEPH BONAPARTE, KING OF NAPLES AND KING OF SPAIN WHO BECAME AMERICA'S GREATEST GENTLEMAN FARMER

BONAPARTE HOUSE,
Bordentown, a Place
of Regal Magnificence Yet
Democratic Simplicity
Where More Princes, More
Soldiers, More Statesmen
and More Notables Gath-
ered Than Perhaps in Any
Other Private House in the
United States.

BY RICHARD SPILLANE.

Where once stood Bonaparte House, beautiful in its graceful lines, rich in its memories of great men long since dead and gone, an ugly, sour-looking dwelling now affronts the eye. What was once Bonaparte Park, a fairyland in which princes and princesses might be met at any turn, there is little now, but evidence of neglect and decay. The rose-bordered walks are rank with weeds, the lake on which the swanboats once were numerous has dried up and gone. The swanboats have crumbled to dust, as has the belvedere, where once the sentries stood to watch the Trenton Post Road. A few, only a few, of the group of houses that once made up the American establishment of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Naples and King of Spain, remain.

In all the United States there probably never has been a more charming country home than this one. Napoleon's best loved brother had at Point Breeze, Bordentown, N. J. No wonder he was reluctant to leave it. No wonder he declined the crown of Mexico when a delegation from that country came to Bonaparte House to offer it to him.

"I have worn two crowns," he told the visitors. "This now is my kingdom," and he indicated a line of his hand the broad expanse of Bonaparte Park.

All Started Wrong.
It is likely that the years spent at Bordentown were the happiest of Joseph Bonaparte's life. He loved tranquility, but circumstances made his career tempestuous. At heart he was a democrat, but in obedience to the will of his imperial brother he became a King. His early ambition was to be a bishop, but Napoleon decided he should take up the profession of arms. He was an able man, by far the ablest of Napoleon's brothers, gentle, kindly and philosophical, and resembled his father as fully as the great Emperor resembled his mother.

Queer how the Bonapartes all started wrong. Joseph, who wanted to be a priest, never wore a cassock; Napoleon, who longed to be a sailor, never went to sea except as a passenger, and Lucien, who was ambitious for fame as a soldier, never wore a uniform. Louis, trained as a military man, gave up the service, and Jerome, who distinguished himself on the sea, became a general of division.

As Joseph was dominated by Napoleon living, so he was dominated by Napoleon dead, for with the death of the Emperor he became the head of the house, and upon him devolved all the duties of looking to a restoration of the dynasty.

After Waterloo.
It was in the fall of 1816 that Joseph Bonaparte bought the property at Point Breeze. As he drove over from Trenton to Bordentown he was charmed with the country. And well he might be, for the region is one of rare beauty. In all the Bonapartes he was a provident man, and he brought to America, after Waterloo, not only a fortune in money, but jewels and state papers and objects of art of incalculable value. He had a house in Philadelphia but he wanted a country estate which would be a haven for the scattered branches of his family. Nothing could have suited his purpose better than the property at Point Breeze. It was on an eminence overlooking the Delaware River and had been the home of Stephen Sayre, who, in his youth, had married an English woman of great wealth, and who served for many years as secretary to Benjamin Franklin.

There were only 200 acres to the estate when the King bought it, but he gradually gathered in adjoining properties until he had 1,837 acres, or about three square miles of territory. He bought, too, an estate on the Black River in the Adirondacks. This was an immense affair of 150,000 acres. In each case the State of New Jersey and the State of New York had to pass a special law to enable him, a foreigner, to own real estate. The King spent an immense sum laying out roads in the Adirondack forest tract, and the land itself cost him 500,000 francs. For the Point Breeze property he paid for the original 200 acres \$17,500, but for the additional land he paid a price of \$100,000, until his total outlay there for land amounted to \$106,331.61.

For two years Joseph Bonaparte de-

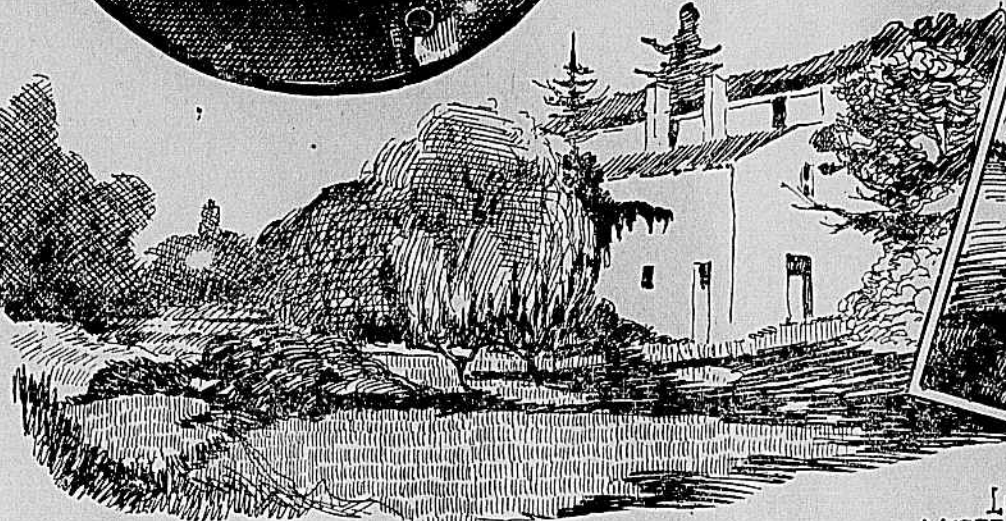
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LAKE VILLA
HOME OF PRINCESS ZENAIDE

voted most of his time to development and beautification of the estate. He had the eye of an artist, and he had money enough to indulge his fancies. To the old Sayre mansion he built wings, and nearby he built a pretty home for his daughter, the Princess Zenaide, and her husband, Charles Lucien, Prince of Canino and Musignano. There was a lodge at the entrance to Bonaparte Park, and near it was the home of the King's physician. There was a picturesque little house embowered in roses for M. Maillard, the King's secretary, as there were cottages for various members of his suite. Out near the Trenton Road was what was known as the Garden House, one of the most artistic of all the structures in the group. But it was not to landscape gardening and house building that the exile gave his most earnest attention. From Philadelphia he brought the most skillful cabinet makers the city could furnish, and these worked for many weeks under his personal direction in his private rooms in the mansion.

Housewarming.
When at last all work was finished the King, who, soon after his arrival in America, had assumed the name of Count de Survilliers, gave a housewarming, to which he invited all the people of Bordentown. Never had Bordentown seen such magnificence or had been received with more democratic simplicity. The King was their neighbor, and as such he received them. Short and rather stout, but very graceful, he was in appearance much like Napoleon. His two daughters, the Princess Zenaide and the Princess Charlotte, received with him, while two of the marshals of France stood on either side. After the formal welcome there was a dance on the lawn, the King opening the dance with one of the stately dames of the historic old town.

Never did Bordentown have to regret the advent of the Count de Survilliers. To this day stories are told of the glories of Bonaparte House and Bonaparte Park. Scarcely a month passed but that some great man came to visit the exile King. From across the ocean came Clausel, Lafayette, Desmottes, Grouchy, Lallemand and the Louis Napoleon who afterwards became Napoleon III. From Washington, or New York or Boston or Philadelphia came Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Daniel Webster, Stephen Girard, Wingfield Scott, and a multitude of others. Across the threshold of Bonaparte House there passed more princes, more soldiers, more statesmen, more men of letters perhaps than of any other private house in America.

It was a strange mixture of simplicity and state in which the people of Bonaparte Park lived. In the belvedere near the lake day and night, a sentinel was posted to report the approach of visitors on the Trenton Road. In the great hall, attended by his chamberlain and the various members of his suite, the King always received his callers, whether they were of high or low degree. But the Princess Zenaide and the Princess Charlotte and all the others of the household went about in Bordentown like all the rest of the town or country folk and now and then the King accompanied them. The garden and the farm, however, took up most of the King's time when he responded to his study. Of his roses, his strawberries and his corn he was extremely proud. He was proud, too, of his little patch of mint. When his devoted friend and comrade Commodore Stewart (Old Ironsides) walked over to see him there always was use for the mint.

The Princess.
Delightful days were those at Bonaparte Park. Adjoining Bonaparte House, and connected with it by a cov-

ered passageway, was Lake Villa, where dwelt Princess Zenaide and her husband. They lived an ideal life. He was a naturalist and she an artist. He roamed the woods for hours each day to study birds, and she worked in her studio until she tired, and then she helped him in the preparation of his "Natural History of the Birds of the United States," or spent some time in the rose garden. Those roses of Bonaparte Park were famous the country round. All the walks were lined with roses. The houses were surrounded with rose bushes. But roses and painting and ornithological work did not take up all the time of the princess. She was fond of Schiller, and to the translation of his works she gave a good deal of attention. She and the prince were lavish with money.

Any story of distress touched them deeply, but one little act of kindness won for them more of the love of the people than all their gifts of money. A poor working woman had given birth to a child, and the purchase of a christening robe for the little one meant the sacrifice of much needed money. When the princess heard of it she went to the woman with the lace christening robe of her own birth, and on child in Bordentown had a more splendid christening than that of the poor working woman.

Moore's Songs.
The Princess Charlotte presided over the household of the King. Louis Maillard was the chamberlain, and Adolph Maillard his assistant. William Thibaud acted as the King's secretary. At state dinners there was a small army of attendants. There are stories that the King held his little court to a rigorous observance of royal etiquette, and that he roundly lectured any member of his household for any breach of form, but to Commodore Stewart, Joseph Hopkinson and such of his men friends as had affection for there was no show of formality. He loved the songs of Thomas Moore. Some years before Moore had spent some months with the Hopkinsons, and never did the Hopkinsons visit the King that he did not request Mrs. Hopkinson to sing for him "The Last Rose of Summer." And never did she sing that sweetest song of the poet that it did not bring tears to the eyes of the exile.

Occasionally, if the King was anxious to show a particular mark of esteem to a visitor, he would summon Thibaud and call for the portfolios. These contained a beautiful set of engravings representing the various achievements of Napoleon. As the King displayed each engraving he would explain in detail all it signified. Rarely was he more animated than when thus engaged. At times he would have difficulty in controlling the emotion the engravings would arouse. Then he would take his visitor upstairs to his private library. M. Thibaud usually went ahead with the key. Immediately after the King and the visitor entered the room the door would be locked. Here is an account of what the library disclosed, as told by one of the visitors.

"After I had walked around the room and examined the books and a few paintings and many rich vases that had belonged to Napoleon, the count touched a secret spring, and several rows of skilfully painted bookcases flew back and displayed a set of drawers. These he opened and drew out a number of caskets containing splendid jewels, some jeweled handles of swords and some portions of crowns. He showed me the crown he wore when King of Spain, and also the robe and jewels in which he was crowned. He touched another concealed spring and gave me a view of many of Napoleon's papers. Some of the papers he opened and read to me, then returned to their places with a care which almost amounted to veneration. At length all the papers were returned, and the count looked about the room as if to

say he had nothing further to show.

"While I was wondering how we were to make our exit he approached a bookcase at the end of the room, pressed his finger on a particular place, and the whole case flew back, which showed a door, which the King unlocked, and we entered his summer sleeping apartment."

A King's Apartment.
This apartment consisted of a chamber, dressing room and bathing room, with a small studio or boudoir adjoining. The rooms had many mirrors. There was one, too, over the bed. The walls were lined with oil paintings, principally of beautiful women lightly clad. Statues of Napoleon of various sizes were in every room. There was one magnificent statue, too, of Pauline, Napoleon's beautiful sister. The curtains, canopy and furniture of these summer rooms were of light blue satin, trimmed with silver.

The winter apartments of the King were much like the summer, except that the furniture was decorated in crimson and gold.

Few were the persons who had the privilege of looking into the private library or the private apartments of the King. More often he showed his favor toward a visitor by taking him along the rose-bordered walks of the terrace. With joy the King would call attention to the deer that could be seen now and then galloping out from a green covert or the birds that had become so tame that they did not fly at the approach of man.

"We are at peace with nature," he would exclaim, and a smile would light up his face.

The persons who got a look into the King's private library and private rooms had a treat indeed, for nowhere in America were there such works of art to be seen. The King had a fair share of the loot of the palaces of Europe. There were Murillos, Titians, Rembrandts, Velasquezes, Raphaels and Paul Veroneses. Joseph was a connoisseur and he picked out the best that came his way.

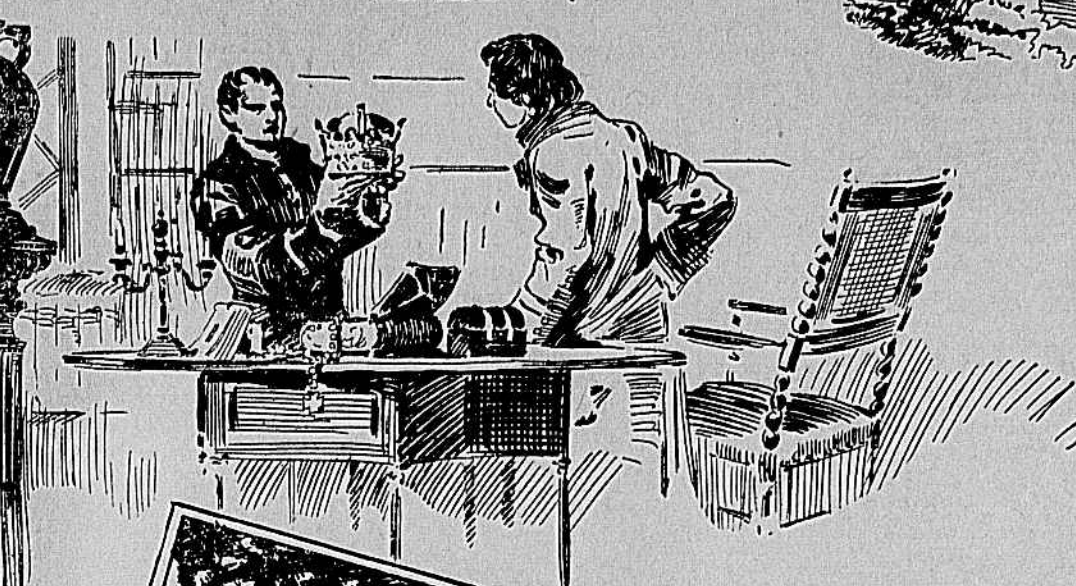
In 1832, when he had a hurry call for money to finance the Napoleonic cause, he culled out a few of his masterpieces and sent them to London for sale. They brought 775,000 francs. In 1835 he had another sale, and in 1839 there was a third.

Death of Napoleon.
When news came of the death of Napoleon there was intense grief in Bonaparte House, and some months later

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BONAPARTE

LINDEN HALL
WHERE THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
OF THE QUEEN OF THE TWO
SICILIES TAUGHT A BOARDING-SCHOOL

naparte House, and some months later town saw King Joseph again. Then he there came a letter to the exile King that he never was able to read without weeping. It was from Bertrand, one of the faithful who shared with the Emperor the dreary routine of St. Helena.

There was one paragraph in this letter that was blotted with tears, the tears of Bertrand and the tears of Joseph.

"For the last two hours," it read, "he neither spoke nor moved. The only sound was his difficult breathing, which gradually but regularly decreased. His pulse ceased, and so died, surrounded only by a few servants, the man who had dictated laws to the world, and whose life should have been preserved for the sake of the happiness and glory of our sorrowing country. Forgive, prince, a hurried letter, which tells you so little when you wish to know so much, but I should never end if I attempted to tell all."

Kind and gentle was Joseph Bonaparte, but at times he showed the sternness and obstinacy of his great brother. One of the members of his household was his nephew, Prince Francis Lucien Charles Murat, son of Marshal Murat, King of the Two Sicilies, and Caroline Bonaparte. Through out the Bordentown county the youth was known as "Prince Reckless." He had all his father's dash, all his handsome looks and all his charm. In actual fact he was as wild as a March hare. Before long he had Bordentown scandalized. He loved to gamble and he loved to drink and he was not particular who he gambled or who he drank with. He spent his nights at the White Horse Tavern, or the American House. In vain did his uncle command him to mend his ways.

Then one day he caused a real sensation. He eloped with Miss Caroline Fraser, one of the belles of New Jersey. Democrats declared that Bonaparte was at heart a declared rebel, was a messianic, and he announced that the bride might have the pleasure of supporting her husband, for surely nothing would be granted from the newly rich. There was less of the classics than of the manners in the curriculum of Linden Hall, and it prospered so well that the prince was able occasionally to jingle gold coins in his pocket and play the grand seigneur again at the White Horse Tavern and the American House. But he never was permitted within the confines of Bonaparte House and never was recognized by his Uncle Joseph.

Forewell.
Bordentown accustomed to the sight of princes, marshals and statesmen, was startled one day in 1832 to learn that the King was going away. The long expected turn in the affairs of the Bonapartes was believed to be at hand, and Joseph was on route for Europe to help save Napoleon's son, the Duc de Reichstadt, on the throne of France. But alas for the hopes of the Bonapartes! On the very day the King left Bordentown the Duc de Reichstadt died. All the hopes, all the plans of the Bonapartes were wrecked, and the Bourbons were saved for a time at least.

It was not until 1857 that Borden-

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That Spring is the most trying season on the health is a fact well known to every one. It is the time of year when our constitutions are required to stand the greatest strain, and unless the system receives the proper amount of blood nutriment the health is bound to be affected. The general bodily weakness, tired, worn-out feeling, fickle appetite, poor digestion, etc., come directly as a result of weak, watery blood.

If you need a tonic, you need a medicine that has real blood purifying properties. A great many so called tonics are mere nerve stimulants, often producing instantaneous exhilarating effect, but acting with decided injury on the system. If your system is weak and run-down you can only tone it up by supplying an increased amount of blood nutriment, and this can come only through pure, rich blood. Any tonic which does not purify the blood is dangerous, because it leaves the impurities in the circulation to constantly prey upon the health.

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